

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## THE LAST DANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY GILBERT GLENALAN.

Pianist, let thy fingers sweep  
Across thy Steinway's ivory keys.  
Violinist, let thy viol awake  
Its most delicious harmonies;  
Let every chord conjure for me  
The fleeting nymph Terpsichore.  
  
Now o'er my forehead creeps the fringe  
Of chestnut brown and silken hair;  
Her rounded cheek doth wear a tinge,  
Which makes her doubly fair.  
Her eyes 'most dim the waxen light  
Which sheds its splendor o'er the night.  
  
My daring arm around her waist—  
That narrow, silken-girded zone—  
Its loving guardianship has placed;  
Her hand lies clasped within my own.  
The music swells—we move—  
On the rapturous wave of sound and love.  
  
As the sound doth guide the willing feet,  
And she lends to strength her gentle grace,  
I can feel on my own the steady beat  
Of a heart as pure as her angel face.  
  
Clasp once for all that swelling form,  
Sleep with thy lip the blushing cheek,  
Mingle with her's thy breath so warm,  
And let thine eyes their story speak.  
Fate swells with flood and ebb with tide,  
The morrow will see her another's bride.

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMERSON BENNETT,  
AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM  
OF THE FOREST," &c.

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### CHAPTER IX.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE.

There was one thing in Southern hospitality I liked—the sense of freedom and home-feeling imparted to the guest. You could go when you liked, come when you pleased, retire when it suited you, and get up when you chose. The master said to you, in effect:

"You must forget to be a stranger, and believe yourself one of the family. All things are at your command. My servants will wait on you. I have horses in the stable, dogs in the kennel, and fire-arms in the shooting-gallery. There are billiards, ten-pins, quoits, cards, chess, backgammon—choose your favorite sport and a good antagonist. Even I will do myself the honor to contend with you if you can find no other adversary. Order your meals to suit your pleasure, and don't let my lazy butler forget that I have some very excellent old wine in the cellar. To see you feel at home will make me happy."

Such at least was my experience in the region of Louisiana where I was now located.

The direct family of Mr. La Grange consisted of himself, wife, son and a maiden sister. Mrs. La Grange was a pale, delicate, retiring lady, who showed herself in company only when absolutely necessary, and never had much to say at any time. I think she loved her husband and son as much as it was in her nature to love any human being, and next to them her poodle, Miss La Grange, the maiden sister, was tall, thin, old and scrawny, with squint eyes and gray curly hair. She doted on novels, affected juvenility, and believed she would yet be the heroine of a happy romance. She had a good voice, was a fine musician, and used to play the piano, harp and guitar alternately by the hour.

The La Grange mansion was large and roomy; and all of it was comfortably, and some portions of it elegantly, furnished. In a building standing a little back, though connected with it by a covered walk, was a billiard-room, bowling alley and shooting-gallery. Every thing was planned for pleasant amusement; and, except when we had company, Ernest and I had pretty much the whole range to ourselves—the father being a very quiet man, fond of his books, and seldom coming near us. My friend and I were much away together on different invitations, generally got to bed late, and often rose the next day, or rather the same day, with the sun passed meidian.

"Help! ho! another call on our good-nature!" yawned Ernest, as we met to break our fast in company about two o'clock in the afternoon of a warm, lazy day.

"There seems to be no end to such calls in this region," said I. "Where is it now?"

"At Captain Sebastian's."

"When?"

"Next week."

"What is it?"

"A social gathering—a party, I suppose—

with cards for those who like a quiet game, and a dance for such as prefer the light, fantastic toe."

"I am fond of a social game of cards," I replied; "but as I am opposed to playing for money, I am obliged to amuse myself in some other way. That is the worst feature of your social sports here, Ernest," I continued; "you all bet, even to the ladies."

"Yes, it is the custom of the country," returned my friend; "though our bets are frequently only nominal sums—just sufficient to excite a little interest in the game. It is so stupid to play with nothing at stake!"

"But do you not think the custom itself is a wrong one? that the social game, thus begun, leads directly to gambling on a larger scale?"

"It doubtless has that effect on some," said Ernest, with a yawn. "But what of that? Most of the planters in this vicinity have more money and time than they know what to do with; and if they get rid of a portion of one while killing the other, I see no great harm in it. And then, what one loses another gains, and in the end probably the two about balance each other."

"Perhaps so while they play at home; but how is it when they go abroad and fall among gamblers and sharpers?"

"Oh, they must look out for that!" replied Ernest, with an indifferent shrug of his shoulders. "I see no reason why a social pleasure should be lost for fear some one may abuse it. Besides, does it follow, because a man plays for a small stake at home, that he will suffer himself to be ruined by sharpers abroad? Who are the victims of the gambler? My experience of life at the North leads me to believe they are quite as often men who are not in the habit of playing for money as those who are. But, come! who are you going to take to this party? for of course you must escort a lady. Heavens! how you are blushing, Leslie! You have some one in view, I see! Have you then lost your heart among us after all? That is glorious, my dear fellow! Who is she?"

"Well, you take a surmise and jump to a conclusion about as quick as anybody I know of!" said Ernest, returning I, feeling that my heated face was returned to him.

"Never mind, Leslie—I will answer for him. If you can succeed in winning the heart of Cora, I will answer for all the rest."

"If it be not already won, I do not want it."

"What do you mean?"

"This—neither more nor less: I acknowledge I fell in love with her at first sight; but if the passion be not mutual, I would not attempt to make it so."

"Why, this is rather strange!" said Ernest, in a tone of surprise. "Do you intend to say, that if the girl be not already in love with you, whom she has hardly seen near enough to know how you look, that you will make no attempt to win her affections?"

"That is pretty much what I mean, Ernest."

"And do you suppose any girl of sixteen knows her own heart?"

"Perhaps not; but I have my peculiar views about reciprocity of affection."

"Peculiar indeed!" said Ernest, "if you expect a maiden to fall in love with you the moment she puts eyes on you!"

"I ask no more than I give."

"But I fear you ask more than you will get."

"Then I must remain as I am."

"Are you fixed in this peculiar whim? for I can call it nothing less."

"Unusually."

"Then write yourself down an old bachelor that is to be!"

"Better than than a regretful Benedict, Ernest!"

"But seriously—what has put such a queer notion into your head?"

"I have always had it since I can remember."

"And do you really suppose any young lady, of that refined delicacy of sentiment and action which we most admire in woman, is going to tell you, plump out and point blank, that she is in love with you, even if true? and that she pitched in all over the very first instant her eyes lighted on your most noble face and commanding form?"

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, pettishly; "I am running ashore, and am more puzzled than ever. I have named over about all I can think of, except Cora Brandon, and—Ha! I have hit you at last, have I? Oho! jumps the cat that way? Bless my soul! pretty little, dear little, Cora Brandon, eh? Well! well! well! who would have thought it? And such deceivers you are too—so siy! Why, 'pon my honor, I thought you could scarcely bear the sight of each other—for you always seemed glad to separate when together, and I never heard either of you speak ten words to the other. Ah! wonders will never cease!"

"Not as you make them out!" said I. "Have I said I cared any more for Cora Brandon than for any other young lady in her teens?"

"Yes, you are saying so now—with your whole glowing face, if not with your tongue. Ah! the dear little angel! who would have thought of her hooking you clear through the gills at once? I must tell this to Alice!"

"Suppose you put it in the papers at once, and contradict it the next issue afterward!" returned I, affecting a careless laugh.

"Come, Leslie, none of that, with your old friend! Up up, man—up up, and make a clean breast of it! You know I have long made you my confidant, and I certainly deserve something in return."

"So you do, Ernest!" rejoined I, frankly;

"and for fear you will make matters all the worse if I try to blind you, I will confess that I fear she has bewitched me."

"Bravo!" cried my friend, clapping his hands: "bravo, for our dear, little, blue-eyed, darling Cora! Does she know of her com-

quest?"

"No, nor no one else, Ernest—though the

shrewd Yankee rather suspects it, and has told me as much—and so, on your life, my friend, do not betray my secret to a living soul!"

"Well, since you have been frank with me, fear nothing."

"I own I am caught," I pursued; "though I had nothing to do in the matter, and neither had she. It was a look and a blush, that is all—a case of love at first sight—and so embarrassing, that I have acted the fool whenever I have met her. I have tried to talk to her, and got choked for my pains; and if she doesn't think me egregiously stupid, she must be either very unobservant or else very charitable."

"This is too good!" laughed my friend, "and you must let me tell Alice!"

"Oh, no—not yet, at least!" cried I: "it is enough to have one to laugh at me at present. Now tell me, Ernest, candidly—what do you think of the matter?"

"In what way?"

"What would her father say?"

"Colonel Brandon would say—if he should happen to think to quote Scripture, that is—Well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of my family!"

"I think he would not object to me then?"

"I am sure of it—why should he?"

"He is wealthy!"

"And so are you."

"Perhaps not. My father is, as you know, connected with a large commercial house; but I am not prepared to say, in respect to wealth, he is anything like the equal of Colonel Brandon."

"No matter: you are a gentleman, and the deliverer of his eldest daughter."

"I would not like to draw on his gratitude: I am too proud for that."

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quest?"

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"So that is the effect of bringing two fools together, is it?" laughed Ernest. "Well, well—I only hope you will be righteously mated at last!"

"The distance between the dwellings of La Grange and Brandon was about three miles, along a smooth, level road, through two or three narrow belts of woods, and past great fields of cotton, now white as banks of snow, and in which some hundreds of negroes of both sexes were at work, under charge of a few white overseers with black assistants. It was a pleasant ride, and there was much that was beautiful and picturesque to arrest and fix the attention of one not occupied with such weighty matters as myself; but I saw little of what was around me, and saw that little in an abstracted sort of way; for I was thinking of Cora Brandon, and wondering if I should be able to approach and solicit her company for the following night without acting like a bashful blockhead."

"Pardon me, Miss Cora, for my persisting to see you to-day but I have come to ask a great favor."

"There is to be a party, at Captain Sebastian's, next week, and I beg to know if you will honor me with your company?"

"How do you know?"

"I do not say no, or you will deprive me of the pleasure of going—for I have resolved not to go unless I can escort a lady, and I will escort no lady except yourself!"

"There, brief though it be, I believe this is the only sensible speech I ever made to you in my life!"

"I am much obliged to you!" said Cora, in a timid, hesitating manner, as I stood waiting for her reply; but whether obliged for the invitation, or the speech, I was not so sure.

"You will go then?" I ventured.

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had come to regard her as a character worth studying; and the more I saw of her the more I was pleased, and, truth to say, the less I was pleased. The impression gained and strengthened that there was something sinister in her nature. And yet there were times when she seemed so gay and merry that I was almost led to believe I had previously mistaken some unamiable mood for a bad heart. She was well calculated to prove very attractive to the sterner sex, for she had a beautiful form as well as face, was just in the full bloom of sweet, romantic seventeen, and understood, as by instinct all the most bewitching arts of woman—arts that were in fact so concealed by art as to appear but as the simple acts of an unscrupulous, giddy nature. Among other discoveries which I made soon after I began my study of this girl, was the fact that she had conceived a violent passion for my friend, Ernest La Grange, and that she hated Alice Brandon, as her successful rival, most intensely. And yet who but myself believed a word of this? for all was an artfully veiled, that no one perceived it, not even the lovers themselves. I mentioned it in confidence to Ernest, and he laughed at me; and in a conversation with Alice about the same time, she assured me that Flora Sebastian was one of her warmest friends.

Was I mistaken? If so, well.

Flora Sebastian could talk English if her mother could not, and she came up to me that evening with one of her warmest greetings and sweetest smiles; and as we soon fell into an animated conversation, probably no one to have seen us would have fancied that we were both playing a part.

"Ah, Doctor," with a sweet sigh, and one of her most soft, bewitching looks, "now tell me what you think of our Southern ladies by this time?"

"That none are more beautiful than are here to-night."

"Nay, I mean how they will compare with your Northern belles!"

"As a halo to a shadow."

"Traitor!"

"How? because I utter truth?"

"Because, even if truth, you should be the last to speak it!"

"Would you then have me falsify?"

"You should proclaim your native clime before all."

"Then withdraw me from such dazzling attractions, and let me have a sober light to reflect in."

"Your dazzling attractions fill but a very small space."

"What kind of space?"

"Human space."

"You are aware then how deeply I am in love with your beauty?"

"Oh, yes, to a fraction, and I know you must be aware just to what extent I am aware of just such a thing. How dear little Cork blushed to-night when I asked her if you made love to her on the way, and, dear me, how you are blushing now! Tell me—all in confidence, you know, Doctor Walbridge—when is the double wedding coming off?"

"I do not understand you."

"I beware, sir, you do!"

"Nay, now you give me too much credit for penetration."

She fixed her dark eyes on me, and once or twice a strange, curious light came into them, as if against her will, as a certain name flashed through her mind and was almost thrown off from her tongue. At length, as if she feared I should guess her secret, she turned her head aside, and while pretending to be wholly occupied with the clasp of her diamond bracelet, she said, in as careless a tone as it was possible for her to assume under the circumstances:

"I expected to have heard of Ernest La Grange's marriage before this."

"Is he then going to be married?" said I, with an air of simplicity.

She looked up quickly, and fixed her eyes on me, with a keen, searching gaze; and then, as if suddenly remembering herself, burst into merriment, and exclaimed:

"What an innocent, artless, unsophisticated young man! Why, do you pretend to tell me, that you, who are his bosom friend and confidant, do not know that he is engaged to Alice Brandon?"

"I confess!" said I, thinking it might be as well for her to have her hope, however faint, destroyed by the truth; "I believe you are right. I have no doubt that they intend to unite their fortunes sooner or later; but this is confidentially between ourselves, to go no further."

"Oh, never fear that I shall prove a town crier!" she rejoined, with what was intended to appear as the careless laugh of indifference, though I could see that she felt chagrined in her very soul. "When is it to be?"

"Nay, that I do not know."

"Perhaps they will wait for you?"

"Who can say?"

At this moment a stranger to me sauntered up to us, and, much to my relief, I saw our savior was at an end.

"Doctor Walbridge," said Miss Sebastian, "allow me the pleasure of making known to you a friend of my father—the Señor Don Diego Gómez de Cisneros y Sombra."

I bowed stiffly and coldly, and so did Don Diego. I think the first searching glance of either must have convinced him that in the other he beheld, if not his foe, at least one he could never hope never wish, to call his friend. Between certain animals there is a natural antipathy, and sometimes I am inclined to believe we find it between human beings.

Don Diego was a tall, slender, swarthy man of thirty, with a countenance I did not like. The face was thin, with hollow cheeks and temples, and black, piercing eyes, set near together and under shaggy brows. The nose was long and pointed, and the lower part of the face concealed by a black, heavy beard. The look was sharp and querulous, and the whole expression sinister. If not intended for a villain, nature had beamed him.

So, he was a *freo* of Captain Sebastian, eh? Some Spanish relation or acquaintance, probably, whom the daughter had so designated, in the carelessness, thoughtlessness manner we often use the term.

A few common-place words passed between us, as a mere matter of formal politeness; but we entered into no regular conversation, and soon separated, each knowing where to look for an antagonist in case he should be disposed to quarrel.

An hour later I saw Don Diego, with a couple of swarthy fellows beside him, who looked valiant enough to be his friends, playing cards with a couple of rich young planters. I drew near enough, and looked at the contest long enough, to satisfy myself that the unsuspecting

planters were the victims of designing gamblers and sharpers. If nothing worse, I was tempted to warn them, at the risk of insulting our host; but fearing I should be taking too much upon myself as a stranger, I walked away and left them for the time.

Captain Sebastian and his family seemed to be very well calculated to entertain a large company in the most agreeable manner, by doing what hosts always should do, providing sufficient amusement for their guests. Nothing, that falls short of disgust, is more tedious and wearisome, than for a miscellaneous party of ladies and gentlemen, in the absence of all kinds of amusement, to be left to the impossible task of pleasing and delighting one another with such little silly nothings as the circumstances force from them. Strangers are often brought together, who have no congenality and nothing in common; and having, in a bold, dashing attempt at sociability, exhausted the much abused topic of the weather—and perhaps, if it be extra luck, the last sad accident, or horrid murder—they are obliged to go back into themselves, like turtles into their shells, and look, and simper, and yawn, and wish themselves anywhere else and in any other company in the world. For Heaven's sake, reader, when you act the host or hostess to an invited company, give your guests something to do, if it be only to jump over a rope and guess a dozen stale conundrums.

There was no lack of amusements at the mansion of Captain Sebastian on the night of which I speak. There was a hall for dancing, a drawing room for singing or flirtation, a card room, a billiard-room, and pleasant walks for a promenade; and the company, taken collectively, seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly, especially after the wine had begun to circulate pretty freely. As for myself, I was here, there and yonder—sometimes dancing—sometimes listening to sweet music—sometimes (shall I confess it?) chatting with the beauties of the hour, and anon trying my hand at billiards and my luck at cards.

Of Cork Brandon I saw little that evening. It was not the wish of either of us to excite comment by being seen much together, and so perhaps we went to the other extreme. I danced with her once—so I also did with her sister Alice, and Miss Sebastian—but after that we never met to exchange a word till a late hour. Once I saw her on the floor with Don Diego, and the fact excited such strange, wild emotions, that I immediately left the hall, for fear I might say or do something to attract attention to myself. The Spanish sharper, as I had already mentally named him, had found time to leave his cheating craft and exercise his limbs with innocence and beauty. It was the loathsome game of cards with the dove.

In passing through one of the rooms soon after, I met one of the young planters who had been playing with Don Diego and his cut-throat friends. His name was Edward Mason, and he had lately come into possession of a large estate, left him by a maternal uncle, who had been as a father to him. He was a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, and generally wore an air of smiling benevolence. Now he was very pale, and I observed that his lips were compressed, as if with some mental resolve. We had met on two or three previous occasions, and I had been introduced to him by Ernest La Grange.

He greeted me with a bow and a smile and a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ah, Doctor," he said, "how is it I find you wandering about alone with so much beauty near you?"

"How would it do for me to reply by asking you the same question?" returned I.

"Oh, but I make no pretensions to gallantry."

"And do I?"

"You are evidently more fond of a flirting belle than I am. I confess I prefer a game of cards to the chit-chat nothings one is doomed to hear in the drawing room."

I like cards myself, but I am opposed to playing for money."

"Bah! without a stake the game is stupid! I could not get up interest enough to care whether I won or lost."

"You had interest enough to-night then, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"You bet heavily, did you not?"

"And lost?"

"Yes."

"I am not surprised at that."

"Why? do you think I am not skillful at the game?"

"I believe you play an honest game."

"Has it you think then my Spanish opponents were not honest?"

"It would be a bold thing in me to say so; but if you play again, you would do well to have them watched."

"Thank you, Doctor! I have had no suspicion, and your words confirm them. If I play again?"

"Why, I can just now on my way to find Don Diego and challenge him to another contest. Will you stand by me? Will you do me the favor to watch, and if possible detect, the sharp in his cheating?"

"To oblige you I will. How will you play?"

"I will try him single-handed at the single game."

"He may not have enough interest in that game to cheat."

"I will make him have interest enough then. I will play him for from one thousand to ten thousand dollars. He cannot very well refuse me, since he is already over ten thousand dollars the winner."

"Indeed so much!" exclaimed I. "Well, Mr. Mason, though I do not believe in gaming at all, I will, since you are resolved to seek your revenge, do my best to see you have fair play."

"That is all I ask, Doctor Walbridge. If any man can win my money fairly, he is welcome to it; but the first soundoul catch at cheating, let him look out for the consequences! Who is this Don Diego?" and where does he come from?

"Of course he and his companions are friends of our host and his family; but I have seen no one else who knows them; and, between you and me, neither one of them has got a face I should feel in love with."

"Did Beranger lose as much as you to-night?" I inquired, naming the other gentleman I had seen playing with the sharpers.

"No, he only lost a few hundreds, and withdrew from the contest," replied Mason. "Like a fool I continued to play with the three Spaniards, till I found myself eleven thousand six hundred dollars losing, and then I acknowledged myself beaten, and went out to take a walk in the open air and indulge in a little sober reflection. That reflection brought me

to the conclusion that my opponents either had a most extraordinary run of good luck, or else that they had been using unfair means; and I was on my way back to challenge this Don Diego to a single-handed contest at a different game, when I so fortunately met with you. Do you go into the card-room, and I will bring my Spanish gentleman quietly in to a quiet game."

"You will find him among the dancers," said I, as we separated.

I repaired to the card-room, where several gentlemen were playing, and took a seat near a vacant table. In a few minutes Mason and the Spaniard came quietly in, arm-in-arm, and sat down to what I knew was going to be an important, if not a desperate, contest.

"Each is a game I am not much acquainted with," said Don Diego, with a kind of devilish smile and in a foreign accent; "but of course, after what I was so fortunate as to win to-night, I am in honor bound to give you a chance at satisfaction in any game you choose, whether I understand it or not."

This was said with apparent friendly politeness; but there was a coveting in the words, which the sensitive Mason felt to the quick. His face flushed, and there was a peculiar light in his eyes, as he said, with slightly compressed lips, looking steadily at the other, and modulating his voice by a strong effort of the will:

"Nay, sir, if you think for a moment I wish to take any advantage of your ignorance, you have entirely mistaken my character. I had merely assumed that a person who can play so well as yourself at the gambling game of bragg, would be perfectly *an fool* of one so universal among us as euchre; but if you will give me your word of honor that you think me your superior at it, I will consent to change it for any game you can play."

There was, I was happy to see, quite as much sting in the words of Mason as in those of the Spaniard; and now the swarthy features of the latter reddened in turn, and his black, sneaky eyes gathered a cold, deadly light, as he rejoined, in a pointed manner:

"You are a very obliging gentleman, sir; but just at present I am not exactly disposed to admit that you are my *superior* in any thing. We will go on with the game of euchre. How many points shall we say? and how much a side?"

"Five points, and a thousand dollars to begin with," returned Mason.

The money was immediately staked, and the game commenced. I was now the only spectator—the other gentlemen in the room being interested in the games at the other tables.

My friend won the first game: also the second, third, fourth, fifth. Don Diego seemed to get vexed.

"This is too slow!" he said. "Suppose we make it five thousand a side?"

"As you please!" returned Mason.

I drew nearer and took such a position that I could watch the Spaniard closely. Now would be the time to bring his craft into play—for to fail now must so'n leave him a heavy loser.

The game proceeded quietly to the close, the Spaniard won, and I detected nothing wrong. The second game for five thousand resulted like the first. Mason was now a loser of five thousand dollars at this last sitting, and over sixteen thousand on the night. He glanced at me and I shook my head. Luck, if not skill, was evidently against him, and I would have counseled him not to play any more. The money I had given him was in thousand dollar bills, which he had profounded in a careless manner; but he now thrust his hands into his bosom and drew forth a large pocket-book, which he liberally opened, and disclosed bills to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is not usual with me to carry so much money on my person, or in fact anything like the amount; but fortunately, or unfortunately, I do not yet know which, I brought this with me to-night for a special purpose—that purpose, by the way, not being to bet it on cards. However, that is neither here nor there. I have the money with me, as you see; and I now propose, with your consent, Senor Don Diego, to play you for ten thousand dollars a game, till you either win all, or I at least win back what I have lost."

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There was a triumphant gleam in the wicked eyes of the Spaniard as he replied:

"It is my duty and also my pleasure to accede to your wish."

The play began again, and Mason won the first game. I saw that Don Diego looked anxious. Two games won in succession would now put my friend more than three thousand dollars ahead, and would perhaps break the other, for he seemed to make up the second ten thousand dollars a game, as yet the almost undisputed possession of the red man. One insignificant settlement at the mouth of the Columbia marked our hold on the Pacific coast, and but two thinly-settled states had erected the standard of the Republic west of the Mississippi. Texas was just asking for protection against her powerful mother, Mexico, then reaching far north into our present territory. Then a few small villages were just appearing on the map where now great cities rise.

We will close the map of the past and open that of the present. Somehow in these few years the Western territories have grown to double their former numbers, their limits defined, their prominent physical features well known and accurately delineated. The Rocky Mountains have expanded into a wide, vast western rim to our country, adding by many strange features to our sum of natural marvels, presenting, it is said, a cataract surpassing in some respects our hitherto unapproached Niagara, a long series of the loftiest peaks, and valleys and canons of sublime grandeur, while its mineral resources bid fair to render insignificant all previous sources of precious metals.

In this western country numerous youthful states now mark the map. The double advantage of cheap lands and a rich soil has drawn emigration westward, originating the promising communities of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas. Farther west, the younger settlements of Nebraska and Colorado are presenting themselves for admission into the circle of states, while on the Pacific a new state, Oregon, constitutes a portion of the old territory of that name. Between these appear several wide territories, as Idaho, Washington, Montana, Dakota, each destined to form its cluster of future states. Year by year the black lines of county boundaries and the symbols representing towns are encroaching on the hunting grounds of the Aborigines. Civilization has already laid its hand on the eastern slope of the mountains, and the discovery of gold peoples far west Colorado. Looking southward we find Texas forming one of the bright stars of our flag, while a large slice of old Mexico, now part of the United States, is

rapidly developing under the enterprise of our people. The wand of the gold demon has built a magic California on the Pacific; its sister magician, silver, is rapidly peopling Nevada and Arizona; New Mexico is recovering from the torpidity of its former regime, while the difficult task of civilizing the Red man is being to some degree accomplished in the Indian territory. Another fertile land, Utah, has been settled by that strange sect, the Mormons, who, gathering upon the borders of a lake as strange in its physical as in its moral aspect, have so far been successful in maintaining that policy of exclusion by which alone they could hope to prosper as a distinct community. But the surging tide of civilization is sending its foam across their borders. Ere many years the advancing waves will in all probability sweep every trace of exclusiveness from their land, leaving them only the alternative of yielding their strange customs or of making a further migration to some of the South Seas islands.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY OSMO.INDIRECT ADVANCE—REINFORCEMENTS—SIXEUL  
LA FUE—A MOUNTAIN BANQUET—HIGH  
LONGING—SINGLE FILE—A THRILLING INCI-  
DENT—BRAVE RESCUE.

As our line of march was to be in the direction of Cusco, we should have gone down from Sorata due north, had such a course been practicable. But it was not, unless we were to take an occasional perpendicular downward step of one to five hundred feet. We might have taken one such certainly; but, doubtless our ability to continue the practice after taking the first false step, the usual zigzag practice of ascent and descent was followed, and by very acute triangulations, traversing some twenty miles of rocky shelf-ledged and inclined planes, the natural inclination of which was generally as inimical to human progress as possible, we managed between breakfast and the hour we had indefinitely fixed for dinner to lower our position in the world at least one mile by having travelled some fifteen.

At this point we formed a junction with our Cholas, peons, pack mules, horses, and a majority of our dogs, who had been despatched from the southern side of the mountain to go around by the east, and rejoin us on the north side as high up as the animals could find secure footing. Our servants had three days previously encountered those of the Easlings, consisting of six fine looking Brazilian peons, men, and the wife of one of them, Leutes Dominguez, a very liebe in bronze, and, as we were not long in learning, by far the neatest, most active and accomplished cook we had ever seen in South America. Her husband, Jaffine Dominguez, was a handsome, intelligent fellow, steward, major domo and chief of staff for the Easlings, and altogether himself and wife were people of considerable consequence.

Besides the human portion of the Easing household, or perhaps more properly houseless family, there were twelve famous riding horses, four led animals for emergencies, and ten stout sumpter mules, packed with provisions, sketches, and all manner of requisites for campaigning comfort; so that with at least fifteen well-bred dogs, the accession to our party, taken en masse, humanity, horses, hamper mules and dogs, was a very respectable one. Our retainers had fraternized from the moment of meeting; Jaffine Dominguez, and our African giant, patron and chief of staff, Chicko, having become sworn brothers within an hour after first coming together. The Easlings were as much members of our party from the moment of the proposition to join us as though they had been our compatriots during the entire tramp.

Arlina Easing won her way to all our hearts before breakfast was ended, dividing the sisterly caresses and attention of our Señoras with the pretty Bell Bird that our bug hunter had brought a willing captive from el Val de Dulce; and all things taken into consideration, no happier family probably ever congregated in the Andes.

Our people had discovered us on our devious downward way three hours before we reached their level, and, jointly set about making preparations for a comfortable reception, so that we found upon arrival a circle of blazing fires built, partly of the strong-growing rock lichen, such as the Easlings had kept up their camp fire with, but mainly from a grayish, shelly, sixty stone, of which the middle ledges on all the northern side of the mountain are mostly made up. This shale stone, or more properly sheet bitumen lies loosely in the ledges, always with an inward dip of about ten or twelve degrees, and from the many fissures there exudes a thick, gummy, dark amber colored liquid, which, drooping down the surface, gradually hardens into pear shaped tears, some of them of ten or twelve inches in length and as many pounds in weight. Neither this sheet bitumen, as it lies in the ledge, or the material that it exudes, can be ignited so as to burn to any considerable extent. But both, being removed and laid upon a blaze made by lichen or brush-wood, readily take fire and burn with intense heat, emitting a dense black smoke and a slightly pungent, but by no means unpleasant odor.

Within a circle of such fires our cooks and peon waiters had prepared and laid out for us a repast; such as we had not set down to since leaving the valley of the Dulce, nor then or there either, as the Dulceans had the advantage of a variety of fresh meats, fowls, fishes and fruits; whereas our mountain banquet was made up of dried, jerked and corned beef and mutton, Westphalia ham, chicken chiriqui, corn cakes, Boston crackers, smoked salmon and garpus broiled; dried peas and potatoes stewed, pickled tongue, tripe, preserved fruits, farina de mandioca, cocoa, coffee, capital Cheshire cheese, and a black brigade of vino de Lisboa of old and excellent vintage. Altogether, there was such a dinner laid out as few people anywhere have ever sat down to outdoors and high up above the ordinary haunts of humanity.

We found our dinner so seductive and made ourselves mutually so entertaining, that our dining ran on into the dusk of evening, and so as going down the mountain by night was impracticable, unless by a headlong tumble that would put an end alike to our wanderings and ourselves as well, we decided upon remaining where we were. Accordingly we went into bivouac, with the usual precautions and preparations for outdoor comfort—only as there was no falling frost or humidity in the atmosphere, no tents were pitched. But fuel was collected, fires built up bright, animals fed and picketed, and then there was humor, united hilarity, songs, music of guitars and flutes, merry dancing among our retainers, interesting discussions and social conversation among ourselves until eleven o'clock, when after a light supper of cakes, cheese and dried fruits, with the inevitable coffee, we paired off, so many as were legally licensed to do so, the solitaires going simply to their *cama* beds, Spanish saddle pillows and poncho covers, altogether as contented and comfortable a community as ever went to bed outdoors.

In the morning, while waiting the preparation of breakfast, we had leisure to give our attention to objects below us that we had casually noticed the day previously, but had been too much occupied with our dinner and entertained with each other to spare any special attention to. There was a circular valley nestled close into the northern base of the mountain, and in the centre of the valley a little lake, circular also, its surface shimmering in the bright young sunlight like molten silver. Then in a crescent, on the eastern side of the lake, was a village, the white walls and red roofs of

which, gleaming amid green foliage, made with the lakelet circular valley and its surroundings a very pleasing bird's eye picture.

"*Mejia Huappa a Llawn,*" Dona Mianis observed, she being our Quechua scholar.

"Which signifies what, Senora Cosmo?" the doctor inquired.

"Happy Sun Valley."

"Ah—yes; and *Lake Thayandea*, the wonderful," the elder Easing added.

"And the village of the *Momocas*, the only existing remnant of the once powerful *Incas*," remarked Arline Easing.

"A most magnificent valley."

"A strange, mysterious lake."

"A singular people, those *Monicana*."

"Christian idolators 'tis said."

Such, and other like remarks, recalled to mind much that we had heard from the Dulceans, of the superb valley, singular lake and strange people. The Easlings had more information, obtained in another direction, while our pretty Bell Bird of the Dulce could tell us much beyond what we had heard, being herself of *Inca* lineage though she had never been in the Sun Valley, or seen any of its people. All along it had been our purpose to visit the valley of the Sun; but it was only when we had it there almost under foot a superb diorama, and the strange, vague stories we had heard of the *Monicanas* and their sacred lake, all came vividly to mind, that we became enthusiastic and impatient to go down, and by personal observation satisfy ourselves as to the truth or falsity of many things we had heard relative to these singular sun-worshippers.

So as soon as we had got breakfast and could get to saddle, we began to go down, riding when we could two abreast, as our horses went steader in that way. But frequently we were obliged, on account of the narrowness of the way, to break up and ride in single file. Even then it was close crowding along the insecure shelves of bituminous shingle occasionally. We got on very cleverly, however, for an hour and a half, when there came like a sudden flash an incident that terminated but a single hand's breadth as it were short of a catastrophe that, consummated, would have been terrible, and placed our united family in mourning that would have lasted through life.

While we admired our brilliant, dashing Kate, respected the gentle, amiable Edith, esteemed our vivacious, mischievous Minnie, and petted our younger, universal sister of el Val de Dulce, we held in our hearts our bright, beautiful, little Neapolitan, the Signora Florietta Maralina more sacred than any of them. It was because she was so truthful and confiding, and an orphan, without a relative on the continent, and fifteen of us men and women had adopted her as our own, when we gathered about the bed of her dying mother in Montevideo, and promised solemnly that, God permitting, the orphan girl should remain with us until we should find fitting opportunity to send her to her grandparents in Naples.

Florietta was riding a little in advance of Arthur Easing, who had become her especial cavalier, along one of the narrow ledges where single file was the arbitrary necessity. There is a large white bird of the vulture family, not very common anywhere, and found only in the elevated Andean regions. This bird is of great strength, rapid flight, and peculiarly singular habits. The natives of all these regions religiously believe that the *Guineo* feeds exclusively upon gold, and that abandoned mines and fissures in which gold has been found are its favorite haunts. However much or little of truth there may be in the superstition, it is certain that one member of the family exhibited in our presence a strong proclivity for the precious metal.

Florietta wore a green velvet cap, with a broad gold band and bright orange colored plume, secured with a buckle of fine gold set with rubies. The girl had just turned her head to reply to some remark made by Arthur, when suddenly as a flash of light one of the great white vultures swooped down from the upper air, and in a wink snatching the cap of green and gold from Florietta's head, sailed swiftly away with the prize dangling from his talons. Between the sweeping dash of the *Guineo*, and the scream of the startled girl, her spirited horse took fright and began to rear and plunge in a manner wholly ungovernable.

Arthur Easing drove his horse headlong forward, stretched out his left arm, clasped Florietta about the waist, but overreaching, lost his own balance and was drawn from the saddle, and there, on the very verge of an abyss that went down sheer three hundred feet, hung for a moment or two in a palpitating group, the sight of which stilled our heart's beating, the frantic horse, our loved and lovely dark-eyed queen of song, and the brave, handsome young artist, all doomed to inevitable destruction. No earthly power could avert their terrible destiny; yet, there was one means, and as if at the special ordering of Omnipotence, that means flashed upon a dozen brains simultaneously.

Overhead whirled in rapid gyrations a dozen coiled *lasses*—Cator's fell first, two yards short of the mark. Whiz came that of Edith Bond, laid out to its utmost stretch, the nose falling fairly over both the endangered persons, and in a second Cator laid hold to assist Edith. O'Hara dropped his loop deftly over Easing, Dr. Bond haltered Florietta securely around the waist, Kate fastened her nose to Arthur's left arm—whiz—vif—fell the unerring *lasses* of Harry White, Senora Montiero, our Bell Bird, Osmo—the bug hunter—Minnie—Montiero—a dozen in all—click—click—twenty times faster than one could count.

Defly the slack of every *lazo* was gathered in and torn to saddle trees, and then there was humor, united hilarity, songs, music of guitars and flutes, merry dancing among our retainers, interesting discussions and social conversation among ourselves until eleven o'clock, when after a light supper of cakes, cheese and dried fruits, with the inevitable coffee, we paired off, so many as were legally licensed to do so, the solitaires going simply to their *cama* beds, Spanish saddle pillows and poncho covers, altogether as contented and comfortable a community as ever went to bed outdoors.

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Snow in the Sierra Nevada—Winter Aspects of the Central Railroad.

[From the Sacramento "Union" of Dec. 10th.]

Within five hours ride of Sacramento, where still snow is in the gardens and the air is balmy as the breath of spring, snow has fallen to the depth of three feet on a level, and the sleigh-bells are making music along white highways, fenced with spire-like pines. One can breakfast here in the valley, where ice is chiefly known as an imported luxury for cooling drinks on sultry days and where snow is a tradition; dine where cutler and buffalo robes and bells offer the swift and rollicking fascination of New England sport, and not far from the spot where the snow waited in and shrouded the Donner party in death, and sup in time to see the curtain rise at the theatre in Sacramento on the same evening. The locomotive makes this concentration of the seasons—this transition from spring flowers to winter delights—on the same day, a possibility. Each puffing engine that rolls away from the green cottonwoods on the levee is armed with a snow plough. And this suggests the beginning of that battle of the railroad men with the white storms of the Sierra which the ravens have croaked into defeat before the first onset has been sounded. The Central Pacific Railroad Company now run four passenger trains daily for a distance of 23 miles within the snow-belt of the mountains—that is from Alta to Cisco, and are already testing another of those "insurmountable obstacles" which were conjured up to destroy confidence in the enterprise, but which have been vanquished from time to time, in the progress of the work, by energetic attack. The experiment is of great interest to the people of this coast as well as to all others who realize the importance of regular communication by the continental highway, but it should be said that the officers of the company have little or no doubt about operating the road up there during the season of storms. Something may be learned, foreshadowing the result, from the equipment of the railroad for the contest, and the manner in which the snow has been handled thus far. The snow-plough placed in front of each locomotive is the one usually employed on the roads in the Northern states on the Atlantic side of the continent, calculated to clear the track of the whole obstacle, immediately after a storm, provided the depth is not more than two feet. If the trains are frequent during a storm, accumulation to a greater depth upon any considerable section of the road is hardly probable. Heavy drifts might occur, and, in the course of the winter, the snow might be heaped to a great height on each side of the track, but to prevent delay from such obstructions, a large force of laborers are ready for service above Alta, and a huge snow-plough—an independent machine—has been built for throwing the snow over into the ravines, away from the line of the road. The first heavy storm of the season, leaving, as we have intimated, a depth of three feet on a level, was easily disposed of without having recourse to the big machine. During that tempestuous violation, it happened that a train was stopped by running against a boulder, but the snow itself did not delay the regular passenger trains an hour. Yet a storm of the same duration has often blockaded Eastern railroads for half a day. But if the storms will not obstruct travel on this mountain track to serious extent, will there not be peril from snow-slides? For many miles above Alta, the track skirts the side of a ridge, and the traveller looks up the steep slope of a mountain on one hand and down a precipice upon the other. Suppose a mass of snow, working loose and bringing with it earth, boulders and fallen trees, should come thundering down upon the railroad while a train is passing along this section of the road. If it struck the train, it would smash things, of course; but the stages run greater risks every winter, for they are slower, and therefore have less chance of getting out of the way than a railroad train, and still serious accidents seldom occur. The slides are frequent, especially when the thaw begins, in those mountains, but they have thus far caused but little loss of life in proportion to the amount of travel. An avalanche might overwhelm a sleigh full of happy hearts, but we venture the opinion without hesitation, that sleighing over the same highway would not be abandoned on that account. This argument may be used to scare the timid traveller, but we believe it is not pretended that the occasional "thunderbolt of snow" will prevent the working of the Pacific railroad over the Sierra in winter. If the track cannot be seriously obstructed by storms, the operation of the road passes beyond experiment into the domain of assured success.

The section of railroad within the snow belt is a wonderful monument of energy and engineering skill, and the reign through which it passes is a succession of the grandest scenes the Sierra can afford. A stranger, coming from the eastern slope and finding a locomotive puffing amid the snows in the shadow of the Black Butte and Rattlesnake Peak, 6,000 feet above the sea, cannot fail to be startled by such an apparition; and his wonder will not diminish as he descends and looks at the precipitous mountains and stupendous gorges over which the way has been smoothed for the track of the iron horse. There are but two tunnels on this section—one through Grizzly Hill, 600 feet long; and the other through the ridge that divides the waters of the American from those of the Yuba, at Emigrant Gap, only 250 feet in length. The line has been so skillfully run that the ascent is accomplished by cuts, embankments and blasting of a road bed in the solid rock of the mountain side where an experienced hunter would be troubled to climb. The deepest cut is found at Prospect Hill, 10 miles above Alta, and measures 128 feet. The embankments are many and huge, and the settling of these during this, the first season of their use, is the point that requires of the superintendents more constant attention than the obstruction of the snow. The construction trains are continually employed in restoring them to the proper grade. From the tunnel at Emigrant Gap to Cisco the road is blasted out of the granite mountain side, overlooking Bear Valley and the canon of the Yuba. Here, and at a point below, whence may be seen the forks of the American and the Giant's Gap (atelye Jehovah's Gap) are the grandest views to be obtained on the line of the railroad. Towering heights and dizzy depths—craggy cliff and velvet sward—forests of fir and pine and summits of glittering snow—are the chief elements of the scenes which artists of the future will delight to paint. At this time, banks of snow are first seen by the traveller 10 miles above Alta, and thence to Cisco it gradually deepens, until it clothes the earth with a thick and far-spreading robe of white and gracefully festoons every tree on the mountain side.

Lesson for the Improvident.—In the nest of a field mouse, recently discovered in an English garden, there was found a winter's store of 1,525 filbert nuts, which had been accumulated there by the industry of the little tenant of the nest. The store which it had thus accumulated to supply its necessities through the winter season measured half a peck. In this trifling incident improvident people may find a lesson against spending all and saving nothing for times of emergency that is well worthy of their attention, although it comes from so insignificant a creature as a mouse.

[The oldest living actor, according to the Boston Post, is "Superficial Lags" the veteran on the stage.

of the stage company waiting for their daily freight of migrating humanity. To those who have pursued the routine of life in the valley for years, and have caught only distant glimpses of the winter on the summit of the Sierra, a visit to this Arctic land at this season gives a strange and delightful sensation. We have the best authority for asserting that the snow is very white, very pure and very cold, and for adding that sleighing in California is just as good fun as ever was in the East.

## WINTER'S HARVEST.

Pure and blue is the broad, broad sky—

Cold and hard as a sapphire stone;

The flowers are all of them frozen and black,

And we seem left alone.

Now Summer's toll

Is Winter's spoil,

And the leaves are gathering in.

The poplar's turned to a pillar of gold;

The elder's crimson and dead;

The beech is brazen and glowing;

The sycamore's rusty red.

The glory's gone;

The year fades on;

And the leaves are gathering in.

In the cold and peaceful sunshine

The dead leaves fill the skies,

Floating, floating, drifting,

Like golden butterflies.

For Summer's toll

Is Winter's spoil;

Time's harvest is gathering in.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—A report has recently been made to the Government of Bengal of the ravages of the Indian famine in the province of Orissa. In this report it is estimated that in Orissa the loss of life from the want of food and its consequences amounted to from 500,000 to 600,000 persons, and that in some places three-fourths of the population have died. Orissa had a population before the famine of 4,500,000 and the deaths are still reported at the rate of 150 a day. In other provinces the destruction has been great, and it is announced that already 1,000,000 people have been destroyed by the great famine of 1866 in an area of country not larger than England and Wales—a destruction that amounts to one-sixth of the population among whom the famine raged.

No plague, no black death, no yellow fever, no great physical convulsion like the most tremendous earthquake on record, has engulfed so many victims. The last famine, of which Baird Smith was the alleviator and historian, carried off half a million, or only a twenty-sixth of the thirteen millions affected, and the starvation price of food was never higher than 7½ seers the rupee. This, ere it closed, will have swallowed up a sixth of the people, among whom rice sometimes was not to be had at all, and for many a long month not lower than 6 seers the rupee.

MENTAL AND MANUAL LABOR.—Professor Houghton, of Trinity College, Dublin, has published some curious chemical computations respecting the relative amounts of physical exhaustion produced by mental and manual labor. According to these chemical estimates, two hours of severe mental study abstract from the human system as much vital strength as is taken from it by an entire day of mere hand work. This fact, which seems to rest upon strictly scientific laws, shows that the men who do brain work should be careful, first, not to overtax themselves by too continuous exertion, and secondly, that they should not omit to take physical exercise each day sufficient to restore the equilibrium between the nervous and muscular systems.

ECLIPSES DURING 1867.—Four eclipses are announced by astronomers as occurring during 1867, two of the sun and two of the moon. The first is an annular eclipse of the sun on March 6th, invisible in America. The second is a partial eclipse of the moon on the morning of March 20th, visible in America, and at Philadelphia lasting from fifteen minutes past two A. M., until twenty-two minutes past five A. M. The third is a total eclipse of the sun on August 29th, invisible in the United States. The fourth is a partial eclipse of the moon on the evening of September 13th, visible in America. At Philadelphia the moon will rise eclipsed, at nine minutes past six P. M., and the eclipse ends at fifty-six minutes past eight P. M.

RATHER TOO SAGACIOUS.—One of the Troy papers tells a story of a dog owned by a resident of that city, who is named, who has a peculiar talent for picking up valuables wherever he finds them and taking them home to his master. In the exercise of this quality he has on three occasions carried to his owner four packages of money

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES."

## GEMS OF NATIVE AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The contents of *This Post* shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be presented.

## Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We commenced in the first number of January a new story entitled

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;  
A Tale of the South-West.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

whole stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have recently run in *This Post* during the past year. Thousand other SERIAL STORIES—each month magnified by with shorter stories than

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will present a feast of good things for the coming year.

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## REMARKS.

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and look here, this is Sir George Grey's letter—don't wonder at it—horribly mismanaged case. Don't see how we can hold our heads up as a magisterial body until this is set right. With a pack of old women on the bench, such as Bonham, and Evesham, and that finical puppy—as puppy he'll be to the end of his days—Sir Edward Staplewood, advocating snaking half-measures, and afraid to move out of the old jog-trot line, the country must go to wreck and ruin. Can't be otherwise. Hope you mean to stay amongst us, Thynne, and to come into the commission, and bring a little new blood and spirit into it. Hey? but tush, man, you're not going to-night—it's ten o'clock. Stay here, and I'll send over for your man and trap the first thing in the morning. There's another point or two—half-a-dozen—to talk over in this matter, and then you will be ready-primed for action."

Gerald acquiesced, languidly enough, in this arrangement. All places were alike to him at the moment: as well Halsham's professional scalpel for his wound as his mother's merciless tearing away of bandages and laying bare of nerves. A long, sleepless night brought him, at least, some more defined necessity for action. The first impulse was to rush away to the other end of the world, out of the view, if it might be, of all this trouble and responsibility.

*Responsibility:* ay, there was the call-point.

"It is for you to avenge her." "If you sit down quietly and let this wicked deed go unrequited, you are as guilty as her murderer!"—this had been Lady Arthur's unmeasured language.

"This is your affair; I put it into your hands;

you are the legitimate person," Mr. Halsham's

more calm but equally decided judgment.

The more Gerald shrank from the terrible duty, the more he strove to force himself up to its fulfillment.

If all this were true—and he had settled

into a desperate acceptance of it—then life was

henceforth gone for him, only he must die like a

soldier at the post of duty. But the cannon's

mouth, the sword's point, were safety and ease

compared with this. I suppose it is in such

pases as these that men blow out their brains,

and so end the conflict; or that women go mad

and save the decision. But Gerald, under the

weakness which stands confessed in these pages,

had a strength to bear the strain, and it was

with his face duty-warts that he left Abbeyford

for the railway-station, although with what mi-

nor perplexities and uncertainties of purpose

may be imagined, for when he arrived in Lon-

don he remembered that he had omitted to pro-

duce Miss Ursula's address. He did not tell

himself what his object was in seeking her at

all; he was fully occupied on the journey up in

battling with the doubt, "Was this thing for

him to do? Was it his duty?" He put the

doubt from him, at last, as an honest truth-

seeking mind does when it believes it to be only

a snare to draw him away from the path of

right; but it had made what was already so

hard and bitter, harder and more bitter still.

He sent his servant back by the next train to Estwick with a note to Mrs. Gaythorn, asking the address of Miss Armitage at the sea-side place whither Mr. Halsham had already told him she had gone. The telegraph would have been much easier and more expeditious; but he had been used to Indian life, and the facilities of European civilization and progress were scarcely in his way of thinking—lost and perplexed, too, as his mind was. Besides, he haled the delay as a respite. He went to the nearest hotel and awaited the man's return. In the coffee-room a party of three or four gentlemen, over their luncheon of oysters and Sauterne, were discussing the "Armitage Mystery," as they called it, at the next table to the one at which Captain Thynne was seated, and in his hearing.

"I heard last night at the club," said one, a middle-aged man with military whiskers "that the man the poor girl was going to marry—Captain—Captain—Captain Thynne."

"Thynne," suggested a second speaker; "one of the Arlington family."

"Oh, ay, Thynne. I heard that he has come back from India, so we shall be likely to hear more of that queer affair; he will never let it rest as it is."

At this moment Gerald passed him on his way to the door; the speaker looked up and followed him with his eyes.

"That poor fellow looks seedy," he remarked, as he peppered a fresh batch of natives. "I wonder what's the matter with him."

"No, 3, Marine terrace, Southbourne," Mrs. Gaythorn's formal little note announced to Captain Thynne; but the servant who brought it had missed the first return train by five minutes, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before he reached the hotel at which he had left his master, who accepted the delay with a composure which agreeably surprised the man, merely remarking that it was too late now to go farther, and that he should put up at the hotel for the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, this is peace and rest!" It was noon of the next day, and Olive was in quiet little Southbourne. The couch on which she was lying was stretched under an open window leading on to a balcony, beneath which the waves, blue in the sunshine, rolled up over the pebbly beach with a sound of music. The white sail of a little fishing-boat every now and then tickled across the little bay in which Southbourne lay inclosed, and the glorious sunlight was flashing upon the water, and bleaching the gray rock white above the blue water at their foot.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, I feel as if I had come out of a great storm into a haven of rest!"

Mrs. Ursula would not sigh as she spread a shawl over the couch, neither would she lift her face to show the shadow of care which might have disturbed this first breath of tranquillity—she could not bear to think how soon it might all vanish.

"This shawl is too light. I will fetch another," she said, and left the room.

Olive lay still, looking out upon the calm, sweet scene. The door opened again.

"Aunt Ursula," she spoke in a trembling voice, "if only this terrible mystery could be cleared up! If only we should be so thankful, even for that, now. Is it too late to hope? I have not dared to ask you before."

Her head was still turned towards the window—as if she could better speak of this when her own trouble was not answered by another trouble in her aunt's face—and she did not see that it was not Miss Ursula but Captain Thynne who stood just within the door, where he could see the small white face, looking smaller and whiter than ever, lying against the crimson cushion of the couch, and the deep, dark eyes, with the shadows of suffering about them, showing deeper and darker out of that mournful

setting. He could see the sweet moulding that trouble and patience had given to the features, but he saw none of the hurried restlessness of guilt, and he heard the words that were so like innocence. She turned her head towards him now, in surprise at the silence, and—

What had he come there to say? He never knew—it was all gone, and there was nothing there but a great uprising of the love which had been always in his heart—covered up but not extinguished—ready to burst forth at the slightest touch of pity. What he did say then was that he loved her—that he had always loved her.

"Oh, Olive, forgive me! Can you ever forgive me?"

He was at her feet, holding her hands, murmuring incoherent words of pity, love, remorse, when Miss Ursula came back.

"Captain Thynne! Captain Thynne! this is no time for such words." And as he rose, abashed and confused, she added, gently, "Olive has been ill, and she cannot bear any emotion or excitement."

He murmured something like an apology, and took his hat to go. Miss Ursula followed him down stairs.

"Captain Thynne," she said, falteringly, "this must not be."

"No, it must not be," he repeated, as he took her offered hand. And as he walked through the little street of Southbourne, he repeated, "It must not be. What have I done? I am a greater wretch or a more unhappy one in the world than I am!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

[We reprint the following verses from "Way-side Posies," a collection of original and selected poems, edited by Robert Buchanan :—]

"Now dark and dry is piled the wheat,

The wine-press feels no stained feet;

The white moon shrinks her sickle clear;

And voices of the air repeat,

"It is the evening of the year."

"Why have I missed, while men have found?

Men smile that corn and wine abound,

And children eat the ripened ears;

I gaze at them from barren ground;

It is the evening of the year.

"O love! it seems but yesterday,

A child in fresh green fields I lay,

And dreamt of thee where skies were clear;

But withered leaves betrew my way:

It is the evening of the year.

"O face that I have never seen!

Somewhere on earth with saddened mien

Thou wast full of sober cheer;

Come! where the reaper's foot hath been,

It is the evening of the year.

"Come to me, O my love, my fate,

Ere all be cold and desolate!

Come! I have sought thee far and near;

Come! lest I wither while I wait;

It is the evening of the year."

#### Inhabitants of the Human Body.

What think you, reader, of your body being a planet inhabited by living races, as we inhabit the earth? Whatever may be your thoughts on the subject, it is even so.

Your body is but a home for parasites, that crawl over its surface, burrow beneath its skin, nestle in its entrails, and riot and propagate their kind in every corner of its frame. The sensation in regard to trichina in swine flesh has set the scientific to "knocking their heads together," and the result is the following facts:—"Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of all animals used by us as food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organization. The species trichina spiralis, of which so much has been said, and whose existence has been discovered in pork, is according to our best anatomists, found in almost every muscle of the human body. It lies along the fibres of the muscles, enveloped in little cysts or sacs about one-fourth of an inch in length. It can be distinctly seen and examined only by the use of the microscope. Professor Wood, of Philadelphia, says:—"No evidence has yet been produced of any morbid influence exerted by the trichina upon the system during life. They have been found in subjects carried off by sudden death (accident) and in the midst of health." An English authority says:—"It is a notorious fact that the numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their species in every corner of our frame. Near a score of animals belonging to the interior of the human body have been already discovered and described; and scarcely a tissue or an organ but is occasionally profaned by their intrusions. Each, also, has its favorite or its special domicile. One species of strange chooses the heart for its dwelling-place, another inhabits the arteries, a third the kidneys. Myriads of minute worms lie coiled up in the voluntary muscles, or in the aocular tissue that connects the fleshly fibres. The guinea worm and the clique bore through the skin and reside in the subjacent vermicular membrane. Hydatids invest various parts of the body, but especially the liver and the brain. A little fluke, in general appearance much like a flounder, lives steeped in gall in the biliary vessels. If you squeeze from the skin of your nose what is vulgarly called a maggot—the contents, namely, of one of the hair follicles—it is ten to one that you will find in that small sebaceous cylinder several animalcules, exhibiting under the microscope a curious and complicated structure. Even the eye has its living inmates. With this knowledge of our composition, it matters but little how many entombed we consume, so long as we do not see them—it is nothing more than all ages have done before us. We might with as much propriety refuse to drink water, which, however pure, is fairly alive with animalcules, as to refuse to eat meat because it exhibits (under the microscope) entozoa."

—A London daily journal lately contained the following announcement: "To be sold, one hundred and fifty lawsuits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—Clients are rich and obstinate."

Alexander Dumas, Jr., was recently asked, "How happens it you no longer go into company?" "Because I saw company made me more stupid, and I did not make company more sprightly."

There are twenty-five bald heads in Congress, two wigs and fifteen pairs of moustaches.

#### BERTIE GRIFFITHS. A LOVE SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL."

L.

"Killed, at Konigratz, on the third instant, the Honorable Bertie Griffiths."

It was in the Wiesbaden Kur-Saal, about three years before I read this announcement of his death in the papers, that I first saw poor Bertie: a man evidently and openly at odds with fortune, shabbily-dressed, downcast, solitary; always taking his seat at one particular corner of the table—always, as far as my first experience went, losing, and never, by look or gesture, betraying anything save the most stone and absolute indifference to his losses. There were plenty of men of much the same stamp as him to be seen in those rooms; and Bertie, with his threadbare coat and ill-luck and impulsive manner, never interested me more than the rest until a certain summer night—a summer night stealing in fair and soft upon haggard faces upon trembling hands, through the closed shutters of the Kur-Saal windows—when the following incident occurred:

A mere lad—a London clerk or shop-boy he looked like—had been seduced, probably for the first time in his life, into playing; first florins, then gold, and had ended by losing all he possessed—how much I don't know, perhaps about ten or fifteen pounds. When he saw the full extent of his ruin, the lad's grief, his horror, simply overcame him, and he burst into a sudden hysterical fit of sobbing.

And Griffiths?—for the first time, certainly, since I had seen him at the tables—Griffiths had won. A heap of gold—not a very large sum, but a good deal for a man wearing such a coat as he did!—was lying before him on the table when the boy's sobs broke upon the dead silence of the room; and then (I speak sober truth, but I respect any reader for his incredulity)—then, without a moment's hesitation, he pushed over a portion of his winnings—ten or twelve pounds! or perhaps—to the lad's side.

His eccentric piece of generosity, and something in that new expression that I had seen upon his face, set me thinking of him, with a heightened and curious interest; and as I was walking back, an hour or two later, to my hotel, I had just resolved that I would, if opportunity offered, seek to make my friendless countryman's acquaintance, when an abrupt turn in the lime avenue that leads from the Kur-Saal gardens towards the town brought me full and unexpectedly upon the unconscious object of my thoughts.

At the moment when I happened to come upon him there was an expression by many shades less distant than usual on his face, and so, without waiting to consider how he might receive me, I walked up and made the request, which in all Germany one may make unchallenged to a common soldier or a Grand Duke alike.

Bertie took his pipe from between his lips, laid it and his book upon the bench beside him, drew forth a match-case from his pocket, (igniting his new won louis-d'or considerably at the same time), and presented it to me. Bertie took his pipe from his mouth, gazed intently up at the faint daybreak above his head, then, and just as I expected he was going to say something awfully incorrect in theology, he remarked: "Do you know, it really would be much better to remain here for the next hour or two than to go back to the suffocating heat and sulphur-fumes of the town?"

Griffiths was the most thoroughly engrossing companion I ever met with. When he had smoked another pipe and taken two or three glasses of brandy, he thawed thoroughly, and it was not until the invalids were beginning to issue forth from the different lodging houses that he rose and walked away together in the direction of the town.

When we came to the point at which our paths separated, I offered, as a matter of course, to shake hands with my new acquaintance as I bade him good morning. Was he too proud, too humble, too suspicious, to advance so quickly into intimacy? What was it that made him draw coldly aside, then pass on without the slightest recognition of the hand I had held out to him? Poor fellow, I know now; but during all the space of our brief friendship—yes, up to the last sorry hour in which he bade me adieu—I continued to remark and wonder over this peculiarity in Bertie Griffiths. He never would shake my hand; never at meeting or parting would give me any other salutation than the short "Good day," and scarcely perceptible nod with which on this first morning of our acquaintance he walked away from my side.

I know now! Now that the hand has stiffened beyond the possibility of wrong-doing—the heart, with all its contrition and with all its guilt, found rest at last.

His acquaintance with myself seemed to bring Griffiths into more friendly relations with the world at large. His luck at the tables improved; he dressed somewhat better; gradually got to appear more by daylight; finally, little by little, was drawn on into occasionally joining the society of the other English people then in Wiesbaden.

There were a good many young and pretty girls in this society, few of whom, I think, would have been averse to Bertie's handsome face, or to Bertie's attentions, would he have professed them. But from the first day on which I succeeded in bringing him among ladies at all, one pair of little white hands held him in absolute possession; and Bertie was a great deal too passive, a great deal to really differ, perhaps, to attempt to struggle from their grasp.

"Mrs. Gardiner saves me trouble, and keeps me out of mischief," he remarked, when one day I ventured to give him some friendly warnings on the subject of his growing intimacy with her. "With a younger, more inexperienced woman, I should probably have a vast deal of trouble in finding anything to say, or, which would

rest of the party had taken their places when Bertie and Mrs. Howden reappeared, walking quickly, and visibly expatiating upon the surrounding scenery as it is usual for persons in their position to do. The moment I saw them I knew that Griffiths had offered to her and was accepted; as they approached nearer I became sensible of another and a very different circumstance. The conversation, which had been general not a minute before, hushed, and people, if they spoke to each other at all, spoke in whispers; old Mr. and Mrs. Howden looked nervous and uncertain how to act; Mrs. Gardiner alone was serene, calm, smiling.

"You have heard, I suppose, about Griffiths?" whispered the vivacious and mature young lady who was next me. "Such a shocking thing—and after everybody had taken him up so! One can't help feeling for Mrs. Howden—though I have no patience myself with these giddy little Indian widows—and still more for Mrs. Gardiner, who first introduced him to everybody. I really think the way in which she broke it to us all just now was most delicate, don't you? Oh, I forgot, you were away, smoking your cigar at the time." Mrs. Gardiner only heard the particulars this morning, too late to put the picnic off, and she thought it a duty to explain to all of us, as her guests, the extremely painful position in which she and her husband were placed. It was no common thing, you see," she added, in a whisper: "a horrid gambling transaction, years ago, in Vienna—forged his uncle's name to a bill for an enormous sum—was found out—dismayed, and—"

I turned from her impatiently; I signed to Griffiths to come to me, and I whispered a word in his ear. For one moment whatever color there was in his cheek forsake it, and the muscles round his mouth trembled convulsively. Then his face grew fearfully calm—he had gone through more than one such crisis before, I imagine—and he went quietly back to Mrs. Howden's side.

She smiled upon him still; no whisper had yet had time to gain her ear, and in her first delight at having won the man whom she believed herself to love, her poor little self-engrossed heart was too fluttered for her to notice the cold looks and meaning silence of the rest of the party. And so Bertie took her to her chair, close to Mrs. Gardiner, at the head of the table, and the dinner went on: went on in almost absolute silence, broken only by ghostly liveliness on the part of Mrs. Gardiner, and by poor Bertie's hoarse laugh as he talked on unceasingly—and scarcely stopping, I noticed, for her to answer his unconnected remarks—to Mrs. Howden.

Presently Mrs. Gardiner turned—she had only addressed him generally hitherto—and said something which I did not exactly hear to Griffiths.

The blood neither went to his cheek nor left it. He looked steadily into her eyes. "Vienna? Certainly, Mrs. Gardiner, I was there—let me see, more than a dozen years ago. I was one of the attachés at the English Embassy. You know all about it, I imagine?"

Bertie was surprised at this moment. He knew that every man and woman, save one, at that table, had heard his history; that every one of them probably would look upon it as a matter of course to pass him without recognition in the street to-morrow. But no prince surrounded by complaisant courtiers, in the very zenith of popularity, ever sat more calmly, more profoundly indifferent, than did he. It is an instinct in even the lowest natures to respect any creature, human or animal, who die game. Mrs. Gardiner was not devoid of it. Looking into Bertie's marble face, she would, I verily believe, have given much could she but have purchased back the last hour's perfidy, and have found herself in Ada Howden's place. As it was, her eyes sank; and she began to pluck nervously at the bouquet—Bertie had sent it to her that morning—which lay before her on the table.

"My reason for asking the question was that I received a letter to-day from Mrs. Hesketh—you remember Mrs. Hesketh and her husband, no doubt, at Vienna? a letter in which she mentioned your name."

"Mrs. Hesketh? Let me consider." The most innocent man living could not have been more profoundly cold than was Bertie. "Ah, yes; I do recollect Mrs. Hesketh. She had the reputation of possessing the most thoroughly bad tongue in Vienna. Her husband tried to fight a duel that some scandal of hers got him into once; but fell down in a fit of terror, thinking himself killed before a shot was fired. I was his second, Mrs. Gardiner, and fearing the honor of the English army might be somewhat compromised by Captain Hesketh's weak nerves, managed to take the quarrel on myself and arrange it for him. I was rewarded by a shot through my shoulder, which as you may remark—I had done so often—"has made this case nearly helpless. Really, it is very good of Mrs. Hesketh to bear me so long in her recollection. I wish Hesketh would remember to send the five and twenty pounds he lost to me at least once, the last night I ever saw him."

"And—I am to conclude, then, that you are the Mr. Griffiths with whom Mrs. Hesketh was acquainted in Vienna?" I thought, probably, it was a mistake, because you know here we have never heard of you as connected with Lord N—?"

Bertie looked with unvarying composure into his inquisitor's face. "Lord N— is my father," he answered, coldly. "On the Heskeths I know nothing, except, as I have told you, that Mrs. Hesketh was a woman universally abhorred in Vienna; that her husband was a coward, and that, on the last occasion I met him, he lost five and twenty pounds to me at cards, which he has never paid. If Mr. Gardiner, or any friend of yours," he glanced carelessly down the table, "desires to ask me any other question, I shall be delighted to answer him at a proper place and time."

And then he turned and went on talking to Ada Howden, just as though the last three minutes had not told him he was branded—branded with uttermost shame in the eyes of every other man and woman there present.

Directly the ladies went away I moved to Bertie's side. He was very white now; white, stern, silent. He drank no wine; he just sat quietly, with his arms folded, ready—longing, I can very well believe—for the first word from any man that could be construed into a question.

As we rose to leave the table I took his arm, and leading him apart from the rest, asked if there was any kind of way in which I could serve him. Should I at once seek to offer an explanation to Ada or her uncle? She might take a different view of the matter according to the light in which it was first presented to her mind.

"She will know the truth," interrupted Bertie, abruptly. His changed voice shocked me. "No matter how it is told! The truth—the truth will be enough. I know exactly what I have to expect. What I am sorry for," he added, "is bringing you into all this. By the Lord, I don't think there's another man in Europe who would have brought up his chair by mine as you did just now. "Look," he whispered, hurriedly, "there is that accursed woman making her way to Ada's side. You may go, if you will, and try to keep them apart. I can trust myself to do nothing until I have spoken to Ada alone."

The party was already preparing to return, and I managed quietly to place myself at Mrs. Howden's side, and to remain there until I saw her into her carriage. She had evidently heard something—how much I could not tell—and kept glancing nervously at Bertie as he stood silently watching her and aloof from every one. When she was in her place I asked her, in a whisper, if we were likely to see her again that evening.

"I don't know," she faltered; "we are invited to the Gardiners, but I shall manage not to go; and if I can get any one to come with me, perhaps I may go for a walk late in the Kur-Saal gardens. Would you mind?" she leaned forward and whispered this. "Would you mind saying to Mr. Griffiths that I have heard something that has pained me dreadfully, but I won't believe it—mind you say that—I won't believe it, or even listen to anything they tell me. If I possibly can, I will come to the gardens," she added, after a minute's irresolution. "I shall sleep better if I can only hear a denial of everything from his own lips to-night."

And then she drove away, and I had to bear whatever crumb of consolation her message might be supposed to contain, to Bertie.

But I think he knew as well as I did when I repeated it that his hour was come.

IV.

It was a brilliant moonlight night. No breath of wind stirred the long avenue of lime-trees in the Kur-Saal gardens; no ripple trembled across the little lake beside which Bertie and I stood and waited for Mrs. Howden.

"Will she come, do you think?" he exclaimed, for about the twentieth time, after some passing footstep had aroused and then dispelled his hope. "Is it likely that she will put herself in the false position of coming to meet me now? or do you suppose compassion, Christian charity will prompt her to come and say a few kind words before she bids me good-by for ever?"

It was singular how utterly his tone had changed during the last few hours. Hitherto, so long as the game seemed ever so little in his favor, he had, as I conceived, been childishly sanguine as to success. Now, and although Ada had as yet said no word to bid him despair, he seemed to feel a kind of sullen pleasure in clasping her with the rest of the world, and speaking of the rupture of their engagement as certain.

"Good faith!" he broke out, when I had said something about trusting to her promises of meeting us. "Good faith—promises! Why, don't you know that she would be perfectly justified in breaking all faith with me now? Of course she would, and 'tis better, far better, that she should not go through the pain of seeing me again. There is no such thing, save in one record, as a profligat reality returning to the bosom of respectability. I have tried hard to do so during the last few weeks, and to-day, you see, was the culminating point of my success. I bore it well, you say? the women's averted looks, the men's silence. By Heaven! I would rather—much—finish with my miserable life at once than go through an hour such as that one was to me again. I remember exactly the sensation I felt in the duel I fought for Hesketh, when I had myself fired ineffectually, and stood waiting the result of my opponent's deliberate aim. Well, that was child's play compared to what I went through this afternoon, braving out the cold glances of a dozen men and women, all of whom I know had the undoubted legitimate right to look upon me—God, that I should say it!—as something worse than a coward. That little craven, Hesketh, is the colonel of his regiment now, making speeches at public dinners, in which he alludes to the glories of his brave fellows, he at their head, resplendent upon Crimean fields, and I—"

A light step fell on the gravel path a few yards behind the bench where we were sitting, and Bertie started nervously to his feet. A minute's pause, as though the walker hesitated whether to proceed or go back, and then a white dress gleamed at the turning of the path, and in another moment Mrs. Howden was beside us.

"We thought, if you came at all, you would come here," I said, as I rose to meet her; I knew Bertie was beyond all commonplace attempts at opening the conversation. "Griffiths says the lake has always been your favorite haunt at this hour of the evening."

She answered—and it did not strike me that her manner was extraordinarily agitated—that it was very good indeed of me to wait for her so long. She would not have been so late but she had had to remain until Mr. and Mrs. Howden had started for Mrs. Gardiner's, where an evening party was to wind up the day's amusement. "I made them believe, with an immense deal of difficulty," she added, "that I was suffering from headache, and would rather be left behind, and as soon as they were fairly gone I took my maid, under pretense of seeing if the air would do me good, and came here. She is waiting for me yonder in the avenue, and I am afraid I shall not be able to stay more than a quarter of an hour," and she glanced at Griffiths.

"A quarter of an hour is long enough," said Bertie, "long enough for me to hear what you are going to say to me. You'll sit down, won't you?" In spite of himself his voice must grow tender when this woman's eyes were meeting his. "I am afraid it is too much for you, coming here so late, and after all the fatigue and annoyance you have gone through to-day."

She took her place, without speaking, upon the bench where she and Bertie had spent so many solitary forenoons during the last fortnight, and I prepared to depart.

"Please don't go!" cried Mrs. Howden, quickly. "It is getting so late. I think, don't you, Mr. Griffiths, that it is much better we should all keep together?"

Mrs. Howden was silent for a minute, then she faltered out, as though she had heard that Colonel K— had been "very extravagant and wild, and so on but never any really serious accusation against him—that was a very different case, as every one would admit!"

"A very different one?" interrupted Bertie, bitterly.

"You are right. The man only betrayed his dearest friend, only left a defenceless woman to her despair in the hour when he [Ada] good-bye!"

His face, his arms folded, as was his habit when his mind was worst at ease, across his breast.

"Ada," he exclaimed, abruptly, "this is not a time for hesitation or false delicacy; do you want to give me up?"

"To give you up! Oh, Mr. Griffiths, don't talk so dreadfully, please. You know very well you have no cause to do so. Should I, she cast her eyes down, "should I be here now if I meant to give you up—if I believed one word of the horrid things that they told me to-day?"

Bertie was silent. I knew that his heart was gradually, desperately taking in every soft expression of the girlish face, every soft tone of the touching voice, that already, in fact, belonged to him no longer.

"Should I be here if I believed what they told me?" Her faith in him, then, was all that held her to him yet!

She waited only for his lips to confirm the truth, and then—all would be over between them for ever.

"Ada," and his voice was changed and shaken with passion, "I can't stop to think of conventionalities; I must speak the truth out. I have loved—I love you as very few men love, as no man, I think, ever loves but once in his life. If you married me, I believe the kind of love I should give you might make up for much. Don't you see you are the last—yes, the last hope I have on earth? and you know how desperately we all cherish a hope that comes to us late, and when we have quite ceased to look for happiness of any kind! I don't plead to you—I don't seek to influence you—but I do tell you that I think such a love as mine might make up for a good many of the evils you would have to go through as the wife of a lost and ruined man—even a man as lost, as ruined, as I am!"

In the moonlight I could see the tears rush into Mrs. Howden's dark eyes; her delicate cheeks flushed, her lips began to quiver piteously. "Mr. Griffiths," she cried, in a broken voice, "you know I don't care for your poverty. You know I have not been altered by anything you have told me concerning your past life. All that would be forgotten in the future—only let me hear you deny the things Mrs. Gardiner said about you to-day, and then, while we live, we would never return to any of those cruel subjects again."

Did the whisper of a sudden fierce temptation come across Bertie's soul? Did it occur to him how easily he might answer her falsely—gain her consent at once to become his wife—win, by a sudden snap, the last good thing that life could yet hold out to him—and leave the future and the additional load of guilt on his already heavily-weighted conscience to chance? Whatever his temptation, whatever his determination, I felt that it was not a time in which the presence of any third person could, by possibility, be wanted; and I turned silently, and had already walked some paces away from them, when Bertie's voice called me back.

"It is just as well that there should be a witness to what I have got to say," he remarked, quietly. "If you don't mind stopping, I think it better that you should be here. Now, Ada, I am ready to answer you. Afterwards, if you will, the subject shall be sealed between us forever. What is it that you wish me to deny?"

He had become thoroughly calm again, now, and I knew that the whole truth was coming: Mrs. Howden's voice grew more and more uncertain.

"What I wish you to deny, Mr. Griffiths?"

why, the dreadful story that was whispered about at the picnic to-day. Something that Mrs. Gardiner said happened to you in Vienna, you know."

"A good many things happened to me in Vienna. My engagement to Gertrude Wilson, for instance, was broken off there; but I have told you of that already."

"I know. I am not thinking of your engagement. What Mrs. Gardiner spoke of was—was—Mr. Griffiths, the cause that brought your engagement to an end!"

"You mean my being dismissed from the embassy?"

She gave one broken exclamation, half sob, half entreating, and turning her face away from him, buried it down between her hands. Bertie went on resolutely.

"Dismissed! I ought to have told you of this before, but somehow whenever I tried to approach it, my lips had not the courage to bring out the truth! I have told you a great deal, you know, Ada, and you forgave it all!"

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"You mean my being dismissed from the embassy?"

**Couldn't do Himself Justice.**

A colored man who had stuck to the rebel army of Gen. Hood through thick and thin, was in high hopes of being able to march into Nashville and pay his respects to a lady who belonged to the upper crust of the colored society; and when he discovered that the besieging army was retreating, he determined to break through the lines and throw himself upon the mercy of the cruel Yankees. He presented himself to Gen. Thomas, hat in hand, and standing very straight.

"Where are you from?" inquired the general.

"I've just left the army, sir."

"What army?"

"Mr. Hood's army, sir."

"Where is Mr. Hood now?"

"He's leavin', sir; he's leavin'!"

"Hah! I thought Mr. Hood, as you call him, was coming into Nashville."

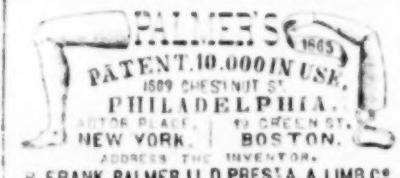
"No, sir; Mr. Hood thinks he can't do himself justice in Nashville!"

**An effort is to be made in the present session of the Maine Legislature to prevent the sale of liquors by the druggists as medicine, even when prescribed by physicians.**

R. E. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic. *"It will surely cure!"* There is no other remedy, no other liniment, no kind of pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: *"The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!"* Use no other liniment, no other pain-killer, no other medicine. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed.

Count Bismarck has warned the Lutheran Consistory at Frankfort against allowing his ministers to attack the Government in their sermons.



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the Inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (in the United States), including the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Medicine in LONDON and NEW YORK, and the most Honorable Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and men, in the service of the country, are in active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectively conceal their infirmities.

All genuine "PALMER'S LINIMENTS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the New Rules for Amputations, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

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**TAKE NOTICE.—WANTED AGENTS** in every County for Dr. Jas. Moore's complete

**HISTORY OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR,** splendidly illustrated, and bound in elegant style. Its low price (only \$2.50) places it within the reach of all. It is complete, sellable and impartial, and is just the book that is now wanted. Our Agents make from \$100 to \$200 per month. For descriptive Circulars, with Catalogue, address

QUAKER CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE, feb-24 No. 937 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CALCIATED MAGNESIA" its effects are unsatisfactory. \$5 a box, and 50c postage. It is a preparation of the most valuable ingredients, a sponge in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on us make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY only, now-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

**HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA** (free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calciated Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer.

THOMAS J. HUSHAND, Philadelphia, feb-26

\$25.00 PER DAY!—Agents wanted, ladies and gentlemen, in a pleasant, permanent, and honorable business. For further particulars, address A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 113 Nassau St., New York. (Clip out and return this notice.)

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OF "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class, and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Grecian Trails, which for symmetry of style, fitness, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American Market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

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20 PUZZLE VALENTINES, ALL A RIDDLE without the key mailed to any part of the country for 50 cents with the key to explain them. Greatly improved since last year. Also, Comic and Sentimental Valentines mailed or expressed. J. A. PITTMAN, Publisher, 8 West Third St., Cincinnati.

jan-24-41

**MARRIAGES.**

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HARRY T. BOND to Miss HATTIE T. WALTON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Jan., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Elizur G. Hinsdale, of Groton, Va., to Sarah J., daughter of the late John T. Hinsdale, of Phillipsburg.

On the 26th of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. Maddock, Mr. PHILADELPHIA GUYER to Miss Mary NORRIS, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, James J. DONNELLY to Miss MARY E. ROYCE, both of this city.

On the 13th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE TOWNSHEND to Miss SUSAN R. STEELE, of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Jacob ROSEN to Miss MELINDA MAGARONE, both of this city.

**DEATHS.**

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Jan., Mrs. ELIZABETH COUNTRYMAN, in her 74th year.

On the 21st of Jan., Miss SARAH PEPPER, of Millford, Del., aged 63 years.

On the 21st of Jan., Mr. JOEL HALLOWELL, in his 60th year.

On the 20th of Jan., ELIZABETH MARTIN, in her 70th year.

On the 20th of Jan., Elizabeth G., wife of Wm. R. Pearce, in her 75th year.

On the 20th of Jan., THOMAS A. NIXON, in his 28th year.

On the 19th of Jan., Mrs. BARBARA A. MILES, in her 70th year.

On the 18th of Jan., Mr. WILLIAM LISTER, aged 63 years.

On the 18th of Jan., Emerson H. COPPERWHITE, aged 25 years.

jan-26-21

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jan-26-21

## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Accidents of Speech.

Fat has long labored under the imputation of making more "accidents" with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals, but it can be very readily shown that the "bulb" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows:—"My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray, send it to me, if you find it. Yours, Calion.—P. S. Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read:—"You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

"It is said of this same character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark as at first."

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no earmarks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door:—"No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

An American lecturer of note solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

A Western editor once wrote: "A correspondent asks whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era. We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that state grows so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement was only equalled by that of the boaster who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

Those two observing men, one of whom said that he had always noticed when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding that he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

## Hans Breitmann's Party.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—dry bed bianco blayin'; I fell'd in life mit a Mexican frau—her name was Madilia Yane. She hat haas as prawn as a prezal buu, her eyes were himmal plue; und ven she looket info mein, she split mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—I vent dere you'll pe bound; I va's mit Madilia Yane, und vent shupen rounds und roundt. De poorest fraulein in de house, she rayed pout doo hondeert pound; und every dimes she makes a joop, you hear de virdous sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; I delle you it cost him dear. Dey roit in more as sefen kecks of foest rate lager bier; und venuer de knock dr shipkets in de Deutschers gife a cheer. I dike dat so vine a barty neter coom to a het die year.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; dere all was sans und brouz; ven de souper comed in, de company did make demselfs in house. Dey ate das brod und ge leiburst, die bratwurst und braten fine; und vash de abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; ve all eot troonk as big; I poot mine mount to a parrel of bier, und schwallowt him ope mit a schwigs. I ad denk I gieseid Madilia Yane, und she shlog me on de kop; und de company fited mit dapple leeks dill de gesonable made uno shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—where is dat barty now? Where is de liefelty golden clouds dat float on de mounain's prou? Where is de himmelstrahlende stern; de star of de shirrit's light? All gone afay mid de lager bier—afay in de Ewigkeit!

## Parcel of Proverbs.

If the cap fits, wear it—out. Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!

A fair heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.

Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.

The best of friends must part their hair.

Ay port in a storm—but old port preferred. One good turn deserves another—in waltzing. Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

YOUNG AMERICA SURPRISED.—One of our friends was recently blessed by an addition to his household, which came "like a thief in the night." The next morning the happy father took his four-year-old boy to the upper room, to see the little brother, who, having never pursued Catlin's work—"Keep Your Mouth Shut,"—was quietly enjoying his first morning nap with his little mouth open. All were quietly watching the elder brother, and destined to catch his first observation. With eyes firmly fixed at the new comer, and with a countenance showing trouble within, after a few moments of silence, he defiantly exclaimed, "I should like to know who pulled out the baby's teeth."—Boston Transcript.

A HAPPY RECONCILER.—At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor in one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stepping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognised him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

Dogs are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tales.



## SHARE---RATHER!

First Boy.—"I say, Bill, what's a yer got in that wallet?"  
Second Boy.—"How d'yer know my name was Bill?"  
First Boy.—"Oh, guessed it."  
Second Boy.—"Then you may guess what's in this 'ere wallet!"

## MY RIVAL.

My rival has great midnight eyes;  
She makes them speak when she is still.  
They laugh, they dance, they mock, they pray,  
And with true hearts they falsely play.

Sweet luring eyes, be still, be still!  
My eyes are only gray.

My rival has black lustrous hair;  
She binds its ripples like a crown  
Upon her forehead queenly fair,  
And prisons hearts in meshes rare.  
With willful ringlets straying down,  
My hair is only brown.

My rival has a dazzling grace,  
And witching ways to win her will;  
She meets the world with sweet bright face,  
Yet only seems to work it ill;  
But, ah! with such a dazzling grace!  
While I am shy and still.

When the knight comes, the chevalier,  
The one that's worshipped of us two,  
He meets her jest with merry jest,  
Gives glove or flower at her behest,  
Somewhat more cold than others do;  
Then me comes straight unto.

He says my hair is soft bright brown,  
He says my eyes are honest gray,  
And in his own sweet love leap high.  
I am his darling, only I.  
Who some day he will bear away,  
And pass my rival by.

**E**W A Society has been formed in Paris, consisting of twelve individuals who are to meet twice a month, at dinner, in order to improve and perfect the science of eating to the utmost possible point. The experiments made at these banquets will, it is to be hoped, be communicated to the less knowing public. *Le dîner des gourmets*, as the meetings of the club are to be called, have already excited much curiosity.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## STALINS AND STABLER.

More thought, care, philosophy, and practical common sense are needed in the construction and general economy of our cattle stalls and stables. It is not that we do not in reality know better, but that in too many instances we do not think of what we know, that our stabled cattle are the first, and ourselves secondary sufferers in consequence of our not thinking of, and putting in practice for their benefit and our own what we do actually know.

Now there are not four farmers in every five hundred who do not know that a stable with a low, leaky, level floor, lying flat on the ground, allowing the liquid excrement to leak through every joint, losing the most valuable portion of the manure, saturating the soil underneath with material that in a little time becomes offensively odorous, and a standing source of disease—every farmer knows that such a stable is not a suitable place to house the cattle of Christians in.

Not much better is the low, damp, ill-ventilated stable in which cattle steam like a hot stew, the low ceiling of jacks, rails or boards it may be, covered a foot in depth with refuse hay or straw to keep the cattle warm and comfortable—absorbing all the noxious volatile exhalations from them, and remaining unchanged year after year—in several instances that we know of, until literally rotted into mud. There is not one of us who does not know that such conditions as these are in no sense conducive to the health and comfort of stabled stock; and where we find a combination of them as we do by far too frequently, we find the active elements of all sorts of cattle diseases accumulating overhead, and a mine of absolute death under foot. Oh, yes—every one of us knows better than to permit and perpetuate such conditions; only the trouble is we do not happen to think quite earnestly and resolutely enough of what we know.

A good many other instances we have seen the present winter, where cattle are tied up in skeleton stalls, in stables that are much like Jack Straw's house—neither wind or water tight. Great cracks and rents, letting in north-east storms and north-west winter winds—searching, cold and biting, the poor徒ed animals forced to bear it all, while the thoughtless proprietor wonders why with stablings and reasonable feed his stock begins already to grow thin since coming in from grass.

*Stabling!* Why, give them their out-door liberty, and every animal stabled in such a hut would find for itself better shelter by coddling to leeward and putting both sides of the stable between itself and the storm. Please remember, fellow-farmers, that there are more than two months of winter weather before us, and many

ed and sold for food 3,000 horses in five months. Add "hard tack" to their "Old Hoss," and the Prussians will soon become regular man-of-war-men.

An Indianapolis journal says that rats are overrunning Indiana. Let the Hoosiers run over the rats and "stamp 'em out." That's the way to equalize things.

Pork in West Virginia five cents per pound. Good plan to go over there to market.

Baled hay is selling in Vermont at \$14 per ton. Loose hay in Philadelphia brings \$29. Light crops last year, and plenty of hay both ways.

Everybody's cattle and horses gone astray in Iowa this winter. *Iowa Homestead* says so. Never saw any other homestead have so many horses, cows, steers, and heifers.

Good farms in some sections of Alabama are selling just now for \$1 per acre. Pennsylvania has some land worth one cent an acre.

The cattle plague is slaughtering stock in Holland again fast; but the Netherlands are fighting it bravely.

Nevada City is built over a gold mine. Nevadians are digging cellars 140 feet deep.

## RECEIPTS.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. plums, 1 lb. suet, 1 lb. moist sugar, 1 lb. treacle, 1 carrot grated, 1 pint milk; spices to taste. To be boiled five hours.

SOYER'S NEW PLUM PUDDING.—This recipe, if closely followed, would, at this season of the year, save tons of fruit and other expensive ingredients, which are partly wasted for the want of knowing how to turn them to the best advantage. This pudding will not cost more than 2s. 4d., and will be found sufficient for eight persons. Carefully prepare the following, previous to mixing the pudding:—Four ounces of stoned raisins, four ounces of sultanas, half a pound of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of beef suet chopped fine, two ounces of powdered white sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pound of bread crumbs, twelve bitter almonds blanched, chopped small, half a nutmeg grated, two ounces of candied citron, the peel of half a small lemon candied fine, separately, put in a basin, break over four eggs, and add half a gill of brandy. Mix these all well the evening before wanted, cover over till the morning, and when all is prepared, add half a gill of milk, again well stir your pudding; slightly butter a cloth, sprinkle a little flour over, put it in a basin, pour in the mixture, tie your cloth in the usual way, not too tight; put in half a gallon of boiling water, add more now and then if required; let it simmer two hours and thirty minutes, turn out of cloth, and serve on a hot dish. Serve plain, if preferred, or with the sauce only. After which, when at the dining-room door, pour round a gill of either brandy or rum, which set on fire with a piece of paper; place the dish on the table, let burn half a minute, and pour the following sauce over from the sauce-boat; after which cut seven or eight slices from the pudding crossways, or according to number, when help, and served very hot. The sauce I prefer with it is as follows:—Make half a pint of ordinary plain melted butter, rather thick, add to it two teaspoonsful of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a pat of butter; stir quick, pour over your pudding when very hot, or serve the sauce separately in a sauce-boat. Though the above pudding is not very expensive, it requires a little time and attention to do it properly; and well will be repaid the housewife who will take the trouble, as above described.—Note. In the event of some of the ingredients, such as almonds, candied orange or lemon peel, not being obtainable in some country places, the pudding will still be good, although not so delicate in flavor.—*Soyer's New Year and Old Christmas Gift*.

OLD POTATOES must be well washed before peeling, and in two waters afterwards, but both immediately before steaming; by steaming them generally an hour, they are never soddened or watery, unless the potatoes are really bad, then no mode of cooking will avail. Salt must be sprinkled on them when put on to steam, *always over boiling water*.

FRIED POTATOES, SLICED.—These must be cut the round way of the potato, not lengthways, be rolled in flour, and fried in *boiling bacon fat* or dripping. A small fish-kettle with a drainer makes an excellent frying-pan for potatoes. Have as much boiling fat in the bottom as will cover the drainer and potatoes, place the slices regularly in the drainer, plunge it into the boiling fat, and let them remain a few minutes till brown, then lift the drainer, place the slices on some paper to absorb the fat, then serve them on a hot dish.

POTATO BALLS.—Take some boiled potatoes when cold, mash three breakfast cupsful, mix a little bacon fat or butter, some pepper, salt, and an onion finely minced, add a cupful of minced meat, and mix all together with an egg well beaten, roll them into balls, flour them well, and fry in *boiling fat*.

TO MAKE TOUGH BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn down their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steak, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love tender, tender dishes of meat.

A PORK PIE.—Put into a stew-pan 6 oz. of lard, with a teacupful of cold water; let it stand by the fire till boiling, then put it to 1 lb. of flour. Mix it well with a spoon till cool enough to raise. When you have raised your pie let them stand for half an hour before you put in your meat; put on your cover, and ornament to your fancy. To prepare the meat, cut up your pork to about the size of dice, add pepper and salt to your taste (but take care that the pepper be equally distributed), add one tablespoonful of water to each pound of meat. One pound of flour will make three good-sized pies. They require three hours' baking in a very moderate oven.

SCOTCH CAKES.—1 lb. of flour, 3 oz. of butter, 3 oz. of lump sugar, sal ammonica about the size of a hazel-nut; warm the butter in a little milk, and mix the whole into a stiff paste. Cut into small rounds, and bake in a cool oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Beat together 1 lb. of butter and 1 lb. of sugar, mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teacupful of ginger, and 1 1/2 oz. of flour.

GINGERBREAD.—Mix together 5 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, one pint of molasses, 1 1/2 lb. of ginger, and some ground orange-peel.

## THE RIDDLER.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 6, 12, 1, 18, 2, 5, 1, 21, is a luminary.

My 6, 12, 2, 16, is a drink.

My 6, 15, 25, is a kind of feast.

My 3, 5, 14, 16, 15, 18, is a Roman title.

My 26, 20, 4, 9, 1, 12, 13, is a kind of light.

My 7, 15, is a command.

My 24, 5, 2, 5, 8, is a small vessel.

My 17, 21, 1, 18, 20, 26, is a mineral.

My 25, 20, 20, 16, 9, is a metal.

My 23, 9, 12, 11, is to witter.

My 22, is a letter in the alphabet.

My 10, 1, 16, 8, 20, 8, was the eldest son of Noah.

My whole is what should be impressed upon the mind of every child and always be remembered by them.

A. M. C.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a fowl.

My 4, 5, 7, is a grain.

My 6, 2, 8, 9, 4, is a boy's name.